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THE
~~TRIFLER~~
TRIFLER
A SATIRE

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

THE

T R I F L E R

A T I R E



[Price One Shilling and Sixpence]

T H E
T R I F L E R.

A S A T I R E,

Inscribed to L O R D —

— *Nugæ seria ducunt*

In Mala.

HOR.

By GEORGE CAS^KWALL.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. FLEXNEY, opposite *Gray's-Inn*
Gate, Holborn. 1767.

THE
TRIFLE

A SATIRE

Inscribed to LORD



By GEORGE GASWALL

LONDON

Printed for W. FLECKNER, opposite Gray's Inn

Gate, Holborn, 1807

THE TRIFLER.

THERE are — (I heed them not) who think my Heart
Pours it's Effusions with insipid Art;
Who pertly Dull, and ignorantly Vain,
Censure, they know not why, the manly Strain;
Who, Woman like, when Reason's Eye is dim,
Carp at a Word from Malice, or from Whim;

B Who

Who, when my Rhymes have travers'd half the Town,
 Join, One and All, to hunt the Author down ;
 And when the Shouts of Dullness have prevail'd,
 Toss up their Caps, and cry, "*the Piece has fail'd.*"

But You, *my Lord*, who know my feelings best,
 And most approve, what Others prize the least ;
 Which at the Bar of Nature, undismay'd,
 Have stood the Test—nor from the Bound'ries stray'd,
 Which Reason's Line hath mark'd — nor soar'd above
 Imagination's View — should You approve,
 'Tis all I ask — and from the Hands of Fame,
 Nature my Guide, I'll snatch a lasting Name.

In Folly's Reign, when Fashion held her Court,
 And Whim and Fancy were its chief Support ;
 When Learning challeng'd, but in vain, Esteem ;
 And Genius was convuls'd by Pleasure's Dream ;
 Exotic Trifles mark'd a foppish Age,
 Scented the Youth, and dignified the Sage.
 Trifles amuse — what then ? — shall Science fade ?
 Blossom no more, but wither in the Shade ?

Fix'd

Fix'd in the Socket of the roughest Clay,
Shall Dullness her faint glimm'ring Beams display?
The Scraps and Tags of frigid Thoughts dispense,
Jumble the Matter — and then call it Sense?
Curse on the trifling Fetters! that can bind
(Form'd for the noblest Views) the daring Mind.
Curse on the Tenets! which, in early Days,
ROMANCE, her Brows adorned with foreign Praise,
Taught her weak Pupils — and enhanc'd her Fame
Beyond Oblivion's Reach — and fix'd her Name
So strong — not Earth's joint Pow'rs could ever shake,
Blast her damn'd Spells, nor her Enchantments break.

Time now hath reach'd his Dotage, since Romance
Brandish'd the Sword, and grasp'd the stubborn Lance;
Since Amadis, the darling Child of Spain,
Proud of his Birth, and of his Manners vain,
The dang'rous Plaything of an idle Hour,
And, *fav'rite like*, full conscious of his Pow'r,
To distant Climes, the chequer'd Tale convey'd
And Prince and Peasant *Quixotism* sway'd.

The TRIFLER.

Le Sage, the wanton Trifler of his Age,
 Whose Fancy wove the wild Romantick Page;
 Who could with Art adjust the Scenes of Love,
 And a frail System teach us to approve;
 Fond of the paltry Trinkets of the Mind,
 To real Ornaments perversely blind,
 A lively Bloom to a mere Nothing gave,
 And trifled from the Cradle to the Grave.

Ask You, my Lord, why flows my Verse severe?
 Why from *Le Sage* the Bays I'd wish to tear?
 The *Friend* of Virtue, Virtue will approve —
Le Sage, the Venom stopt, shall claim my Love.
 Ask You, why Novels *Pollio* designs to read?
 A flimsy Trifle fits a Trifler's Head —
 A loft He mounts, and takes his airy Flight,
 And a fresh Novel gives him fresh Delight.

Ye meek-ey'd Virgins, who begin to feel
 A *nameless something* through your Veins to steal;

Whose

Whose Passions mark, yet faintly understand,
 The lewd Engraving of Time's downy Hand;
 Whose Bosoms rising with the rising Sigh,
 Bespeak Confusion, yet Ye know not why;
 Who, when the Tale of Love is trav'ling round,
 With greedy Ears devour the pleasing Sound;
 Attend to what I simply shall unfold,
 Nor blame the Muse, when Facts are fairly told.

On *Richmond Green*, her Heart unknown to guilt,
 With her fair Mother, fair *Lisetta* dwelt.
 From Books she yet had learnt but little more,
 Than Scraps of strange unfashionable Lore;
 Virtue, She thought, was Virtue's own Reward —
 And true Religion was her truest Guard.
 Taught to revere her God — his Laws obey —
 Were Trifles which she practis'd ev'ry Day;
 And as she ne'er had glitter'd at a Ball,
 She found, unrival'd Ease was All in All.
 Such was the Conduct of her early Days —
 She gain'd no Envy — and she sought no Praise.
 Happy *Lisetta*! who could, thus sedate,
 Smile at the tinsel Foppery of State;

Who could with cold Indiff'rence, thus serene,
 Trace, like the Stoick, Pleasure's flow'ry Scene;
 Happy Lifetta! when the winged Hour,
 Brought not the Gleam, the transient Gleam, of Pow'r;
 When the frail Bark, your steady Virtue bore
 Along the Borders of a faithless Shore;
 And in the Arms of Innocence secure,
 Of guilty Pleasure 'scap'd the pleasing Lure.

Mark now the Sequel of the Tale, ye Fair——
 Dangers ensue from *Trifles light as Air*.

'Twas in the Month, the wanton Month, of May,
 When *rising* Nature leads the Thoughts astray;
 When the Blood bubbles in the swelling Veins,
 And Passion champs the Bit of Virtue's Reins;
 Chance had convey'd, to variegate the Scene,
 Rousseau's *new Eloise* to Richmond Green;
 When *Curiosity* with eager look,
 Skim'd o'er the Page, and thus the Maid bespoke.
 "Leave, leave, Lifetta, the dull musty Rules
 Which Prudence taught You in her formal Schools;

Leave

Leave to the cold and unimpassion'd Heart
Reason's trite Essays sagely to impart.
For You, a diff'rent Task is now assign'd —
Let Love's mysterious Art *reform* your Mind;
O'er all your Thoughts let Love alone preside,
Passion, the Pilot, and your Will, the Guide."
Thus the soft Tale, in tender Accents told,
(Form'd to beguile the Young, and fire the Old)
Seiz'd her warm Bosom, led her Thoughts astray,
And stole her simple, trembling, Heart away.
To *Heav'n* no longer now She turns her Eyes —
She *melts* like Julia, and like Julia *dyes*;
Reads the lewd Novel, till her Heart approves
The Name of *Mistress* to the Man she loves.

Engraven on the Tablet of the Brain,
Which marks the various Links of Mem'rys Chain,
Be sad Lifetta's Fate — in time beware
Ye trifling Maids! and shun the dang'rous Snare —
If deaf to Precept, from Example learn,
The Mind, when once inflam'd, will stronger burn.
'Tis Innocence alone (my darling Theme)
Which Virtue wears, shall consecrate Esteem;

'Tis

The TRIFLER.

'Tis at her Throne we bend the stubborn Knee,
 And pay the Homage She exacts — For me,
 (Tho' long bewilder'd in the beaten Maze
 Of magick Folly, where Confusion strays,
 And plants the Way with doubts, and hopes, and fears,
 The loathsome Growth of many clouded Years)
 She still my Zeal demands — and dare to own
 I still prefer her to a thorny Throne.

'Tis strange, luxuriant Trifles should engage
 The fleeting Moments of our learned Age;
 'Tis strange, nor is't peculiar to the Clime,
 A Butterfly should trespass on our Time;
 See Nacky *Hollis* still devote his Days
 In forming Shells a thousand diff'rent Ways —
 Here shines a Grotto — there a mossy Lawn —
 A Shepherd here — and there a waxen Fawn,
 Nor is his Genius thus to *Shells* confin'd,
 (The *noble Study* of an *active Mind*)
 But in the well wrought Pattern takes Delight,
 And spurs his Fancy up Ambition's Height.

Nacky

Nacky! in every Trifle you excell —
From the dried Mummy to the Cockle-Shell.

Should I attentive at the *Mount* incline
To the dull Tale which *Shelly* thinks divine;
The Feats of Tumblers, the Intrigues of Cits,
And hear the tiny Jokes of tiny Wits,
Would not my Patience sink beneath the Load?
Should I not wish to try a better Road?
Too long in ev'ry Corner of the Town,
This Way, and that Way, either up or down,
A Namby Pamby, half-begotten Race,
Sprung from the feeble Loins of rich Disgrace,
Fearless of Satire's Stroke, the Farce have play'd,
And banish'd *Reason*, as a common Jade.

Narcissus rising from his downy Bed,
Pride in his Heart, and Trifles in his Head;
A Dunce at thirty, tho' at twelve a Knave,
And born a Freeman, yet an abject Slave;
Yawns — sips his Tea — and with a manly Grace
Talks of Cosmetic Washes for the Face;

The TRIFLER.

Of Naples Dew — and of Italian Paste —
 Of Jonas, Comus, *Harrington*, and Taste.
 Harangues on Laces — and can nicely tell
 'Th' Amount of This per Yard, of that per Ell.
 Who in a Coat, like *Ryan*, can excell?
 Like *Rymer*, who can fit a Shoe so well?
 To please *Narcissus* is their noblest Aim —
 Their Study, Fashion — and their Ends, the same.
 Trifles were form'd the Morning to beguile —
 All fly to *Lang-f-d* — All admire his Style.
 “ Examine that *there* Face, Sir John — 'tis fine —
 'Tis *Titian's* — fifty Guineas — 'tis divine —
 Observe the Nose, Sir — mark, my Lord, each Eye —
 For Fifty — going — gone — *I give you joy.*”
 'Tis thus that *Lang-f-d* trifles with the Town —
 He sells as *Titian's*, what's not worth a Crown.
 From Good to Bad — proceeds from Bad to Worse —
 And while He claims Attention, Reals your Purse.
 A diff'rent Scene the Evening Hours create —
 And gay *Narcissus* stoops to trifling Fate:
 From *Drury-Eane* to *Cocent-Garden* flies,
 Gleans fresh Delight, and ev'ry Pleasure tries.

One Moment *Marr* demands his whole Applause —

The next beholds him fix'd in *Rafior's* Cause.

Now, through the Boxes, like a Fairy, trips —

And now, in quest of Trifles, mounts the Ships.

Like Proteus, changing with the changing Scene,

His diff'rent Passions wear a diff'rent Mien.

Who at *Cornely's* half so debonaire?

Who, like *Narcissus*, curls his perfect'd Hair?

Like a trim Bridegroom adorn'd, He speaks

With studied Accents, and deliberate breaks —

Methodically breathes — and never laughs

Beyond his Lips — and only then — by halves

Of Elegance, in Manner and in Dress

Preciseness forms the little into less,

And of himself his Tenderneſs is ſuch,

Like a crack'd China Jar, he dreads the Touch.

Who that has ſeen *Narcissus*, but will own

The Picture by the Features may be known

Give o'er, You cry — but, if you needs muſt write

Let the Muſe ſoar, and take a nobler Flight,

Satire's a dang'rous Trade — 'tis ten to one,
 It stabs a Father — or it wounds a Son.
 Sickens a *Lord* — or galls a *whistling Squire* —
 And may rob *Chatham* of his Force and Fire.
 Change then the Scene — take Prudence for your Guide —
 And drive your Bark down *Panegyricks* Tide.
 All, all, to Flatt'ry, as to Folly bend —
 Fond of the Varnish, each an Ear will lend.
 Go — offer Incense to some worthy *Lord* —
 Adore his Virtues, and revere his Word.
 In Trifles vers'd, 'tis time to play your part,
 And gain an easy Passage to his Heart.
 Fortune shall then with Golden Tresses shine —
 Smile without Art, and win without Design."

'Tis well — *my Lord* — yet why this sage Advice?
 Opinion, mere Opinion, will be nice.
 Few can commend — what fewer still approve —
 Better to starve, than change our Hate to Love.
 Let pliant *Fawkes*, (amazingly divine)
 Chant his sweet Praise at *Cæsar's* gaudy Shrine;

To bright Preferment take the shortest Road,
 And worship *mitred* Dullness, as a God:
 For me, let Fortune waver as she will,
 A Slave to Slaves would suit the Muse but ill;
 Few Lords I rev'rence — on no *Prillate* coat —
Genius my Theme, 'tis COLMAN that I quote.

Whose Mansion's that so elegantly neat?
 The Park how spacious! and the Lawn how sweet!
 Here bleat the Sheep — and yonder trip the Deer —
 And Health and Freedom seem to flourish here.
 E'en hoary Winter, in his Bed of Ice,
 Wears a gay Smile, and tunes his hollow Voice.
 Fancy in all her several Works is seen —
 The Woods — the Water — and the mantled Green.
 Lord of the Manor! for to thee I pay
 This Mite of scanty Praise — this simple Lay —
 Say, by what Title shall I greet thine Ear,
 Or Prince, or Prophet, Paramount, or Peer?
 Or if thy dearest *Lucy* (darling Name!)
 Which shines with Splendor in the Court of Fame,

Delights thee more — receive the trifling Toy —
 The *Hobby-Horse* of all thy former Joy.
 Still spin thy Sonnets — still thy Trifles weave —
 And with thy Ditties strew thy *Lucy's* Grave.
 Fearless of Satire's Gall, of Envy's Sting,
 Let thy bold Genius mount on Fancy's Wing;
 Strain ev'ry Nerve — and all her Force display —
 Till the Brain bursts — and forms the plaintive Lay;
 Then straight become the Idol of the Town,
 The simple Bantling Artious shall own.

There are — who form'd to captivate the Heart,
 Measure their Genius by the Rules of Art;
 School'd in the *Pun*, the Quibble, and the Quirk,
 They deem, as Nonsense, Fancy's nobler Work.
 To torture Sense, and twist a doubtful Word,
 And serve the poignant Dish at Laughter's board;
 To change, blest Chance! what purer Wisdom taught,
 And grind Expression in the Mill of Thought;
 Knights of the fritter'd *Pun*! 'tis thine to claim —
Puns — Quirks — and Quibbles — mark the Road to Fame.
Cloto, ingenious Youth! on *Miller* doats —
 His learned Trifles, who, like *Cloto*, quotes?

Horace

Horace might teach, what all must now despise,
His Odes forgot, 'tis *Puns* that make us wise.
Unrival'd Age! when Britain's fav'rite Youth
In mystic *Puns* can trace historick Truth;
Hail glorious *Æra*! when each darling Heir
Lisps an Acrostick better than a Pray'r;
All hail my Country! when *Acasto's* Son
Can nobly deign to sanctify a *PUN*.

Trifles have long usurp'd the Name of Taste —
E'en Common Sense, neglected, runs to Waste.
In former Days, impatient of Controul,
Of Manners noble, and of manly Soul,
The sturdy Race train'd up to Arts and Arms,
Ne'er doated on their own fantastick Charms; —
Those the fair Page of Science could attach —
These the Gold Box, the Essence, and the Patch;
That Age to Glory — *This* converts to Shame —
One sinks to Nothing — and *One* soar'd to Fame.

Behold where trips yon Military Fop —
All Cork at Bottom — and all Lead at Top.

His

His Voice how charming! was the Coxcomb heard,
 You'd swear he sung like a Canary Bird.
 Ever in Motion, and unknown to Ease,
 Books are his Curse — and nothing long can please,
 Cards may be deem'd a Pleasure dearly bought —
 Yet Cards supply the Vacancy of Thought;
 Rich in the Trifles of our learned *Hoyle*,
 He leaves to Others, *Newton*, *Locke*, and *Boyle*.

Sweet Youth! belov'd of ev'ry Sister Art,
 The Joy of *Pinto*, and the Pride of *Hart*;
 School'd by a *Sheri-d-n*, whose Irish Sense,
 Taught you the *Twang* of modern Eloquence;
 To trifle in the Senate with Applause,
 And shine the Hero of a rotten Cause;
 Then, when *Rebellion* knocks at Britain's Gate,
 And the Pile totters on the Base of Fate;
 No longer known the Freedom that We boast;
 Her Charter fullied — and her Beauty lost —
 Then is the Time your *Trifles* to display,
 And rise another *Cal-v-r* of the Day.

Then

So have I feen at some dull City Feast,
(Where Gluttony presides a chosen Guest)
(Full of wise Saws) *Sir Robert* take the Lead,
Debate on Butter, and harangue on Bread ;
Talk, like a Minister, of Ways and Means,
And envy *Tommy T-w-n-d's* tender Strains —
While plump *Sir Richard* with peculiar Grace,
Of easy Humour, and unmeaning Face,
Whole Hours expatiates on the London Cries,
And then recounts the Origin of *Pyes*.

Safe from Deceit, which veils corrupted Courts,
Health gilds the Day, and fashion's Fancy's Sports ;
Safe in the Harbour of obscure Delight,
Calm Study rocks the Cradle of the Night ;
Wedded to Books — of Men but little known —
I envy none the Trifles of the Town.
What, tho' his *Lockman's* rough and rumbling Verse
The patriotick *C-w-ll* shall rehearse ;

With GOOD and GREAT be laced each gaudy Line;
 And the bold Stanza teems with Sounds Divine—
 Edg'd with the Border of a scanty Thought,
 The Work, which dull and plodding Genius wrought,
 Counting on slow Imaginations Scale,
 The Figures that compose the paltry Tale,
Langborne! 'tis *thine* to boast — what, tho' thy Muse
 On the wide Sea of Fancy *deigns* to cruize;
 Tho' bright *Effusions* on *Effusions* rise,
 And dull Reviewers hail the Bastard wife;
 What is't to me, if brainless Brats, like these,
 Sage *C-w-ll* charm, or *Mother Griffiths* please;
 Dupe to no Party, of no Sect am I —
 Yet in the Cause of *Genius* dare to dye.

Ye *learned Bantlings!* who each Month retail
 Your cold and puny Saws for publick Sale —
 Who judging of the whole from one weak Word,
 Will damn e'en *Merit's Self*, untried, unheard —

Who

Who from the Dunghill sprung (a Mongrel Clan)
 Unjustly steal the Name of GENTLEMAN;
 Who damn'd to ev'ry Feeling of the Heart,
 Affect the Butcher, not the Critick's Art;
 Who, if a *Scotsman*, naked from the Tweed,
 Asks in the Name of Dullness some small Meed,
 (Tho' a rank Rebel) partial to his Cause,
 Will feed him, tho' condemn'd by *Scotland's* Laws —
 Shall I be guided by your *dull* Reviews,
 Whose most elab'rate Praise is fell Abuse;
 Shall I, a Giant Wit to pigmy Men,
 Quit my Pretensions to the Poet's Pen? —
 Never — by Heav'n! in a *Brunswick's* Reign,
 Tho' *Birnam Wood* should come to *Dunsmain*.

Can I but smile, when *Florio's* foppish Mien,
 At Fifty, wears the Trifles of Fifteen;
 Can I but smile, when antiquated Fools
 Ape the pert Coxcomb nurs'd in foreign Schools;
 Studious in all their Follies to advance,
 From the white Feather, to the mimick Dance?

The TRIFLER

Is this a Time, *dear Florio*, for Grimace,
 When Age hath plough'd deep Furrows in your Face?
 Is this a Time, and at an Hour so late,
 Thy Hairs grown grey, to court the Marriage Bait?
 Away — Thou Letcher! — for thy Soul provide —
 “Is this an Age to buckle with a Bride”?
 What Pleasure can a *sapless Trifle* give?
 Who will her *Florio's* Love-sick Oaths believe?
 Pleas'd with thy Gambols, of thy Frolicks vain,
 Enamour'd of thy self-sufficient Strain,
 The nimble Puppet of a wax-work Shew,
 Of Belles the Jest — the Scorn of ev'ry Beau —
 Is this thy saving Plea, this thy Defence,
 That Wealth will justify the Want of Sense? —
 Thousands on Thousands heap — compleat the Sum,
 Till the round Thousands gather to a *Plumb*;
 Rap sack the Treasures of the shining East, —
 Glut ev'ry Sense, and all thy Follies feast
 Pluck from Ambitions Crest the gilded Plume,
 And meanly born, a *titled Name* assume.
 Like *Clive*, of Indostan first Omar shine —
 With Honours glutted, still for Honours pine.

Yet

Yet tho' Misfortune's cold and palsied Hand
 Should drive me far from Pleasure's fairy Land;
 Mildew'd the various Scenes, should savage Fate
 Stamp with keen Penury Life's latest Date;
 Spite of thy Wealth, I'd hunt thy *Trifles* down,
 And stab thy Folly, tho' it wore a Crown.
 Quit then the Scene, dear *Florio*, if you can —
 And change the *Monkey*, for the Name of MAN.

In various Channels various Fortune flows —
 Veers like the Wind, and as inconstant blows.
 Fix'd to no Spot, each sev'ral Region hails,
 Encamps with *Taylor*, or with *Keppel* sails;
 Laughs with the Giddy, simpers with the Grave,
 And honour'd *Brassey*, tho' He died a Knave.
 If to the matchless Virtues She is blind,
 Which strengthen and adorn a THOMPSON'S* Mind,
 Know, that however I may argue ill,
Fortune and *Genius* are at variance still.

Rais'd from the Dunghill in an happy Hour,
 Lo trifling Dullness shares her ample Pow'r:

* Author of *Sailors Letters*.

The TRIFLER.

Cleans'd of his Filth, (a Beggar now no more
 Strolling with bundled Trash from Door to Door)
 In silken Vest *Marcellus* streams along,
 Spouts his own Works, or chants the Thoughts of *Young*.

Thrice happy Man! thy Pedigree disown'd!
 By Pedants courted, and with *Honours* crown'd;
 Who, from the Trifles of a trifling Age,
 Enroll'd thy Name in Fortune's shining Page;
 Supremely dull — be still supremely proud;
 Still court the Whispers of the letter'd Crowd;
 Thy doughty Genius be by all admir'd,
 Charm'd with thy *Sense*, and by thy Fancy fir'd;
 Confess'd the Hero of the borrow'd Tale,
 Smile (for thou can't) when surly Cynicks rail.

I envy not the Scenes of infant Joy,
 Where Baby Pleasure hugs her childish Toy;
 Where Fashion, at trim Folly's call, awake,
 Trips with her Box of Trifles at her Back;
 And insolently vain, a strolling Jade,
 Boasts of the Work Mechanick Fancy made.

With

The TRIFLER.

23

With various Trinkets various Arts She tries —
 Deludes the Simple, and deceives the Wife ;
 Freedom She cramps, and Fortune she controuls ;
 Ador'd by Fops, and idoliz'd by Fools.
 Calm and unmov'd, *Louisa's* Charms I view,
 So very old, and yet so very new ;
 Thanks to her Toilet — where she daily wastes
 Six tedious Hours, in Patches, Paint, and Pastes ;
 Then, at the Sound of Pleasure, scuds away,
 Rakes all the Night, and trifles all the Day.
 I envy not the Splendor of the Great,
 Of Schools the Jargon, or of Courts the State ;
 The Strength of *Whitehead*, or the Ease of *Gray*,
Murphy's keen Wit, or *Mason's* flow'ry Lay.
 With Independence fenc'd, 'tis mine to brave
 The gilt Corruption of a *garter'd* Knave ;
 'Tis mine — (and know *my Will* awards the Claim)
 To rouse the Villain from the Bed of Shame ;
 To trace the pension'd Rogue thro' all his Wiles,
 And fetter Cunning, spite of *Flatt'ry's* Smiles.
 Henceforth, a *different* Tale the Muse shall tell —
 Nor mind how *Triflers* rose — or *Triflers* fell.

F I N I S.

